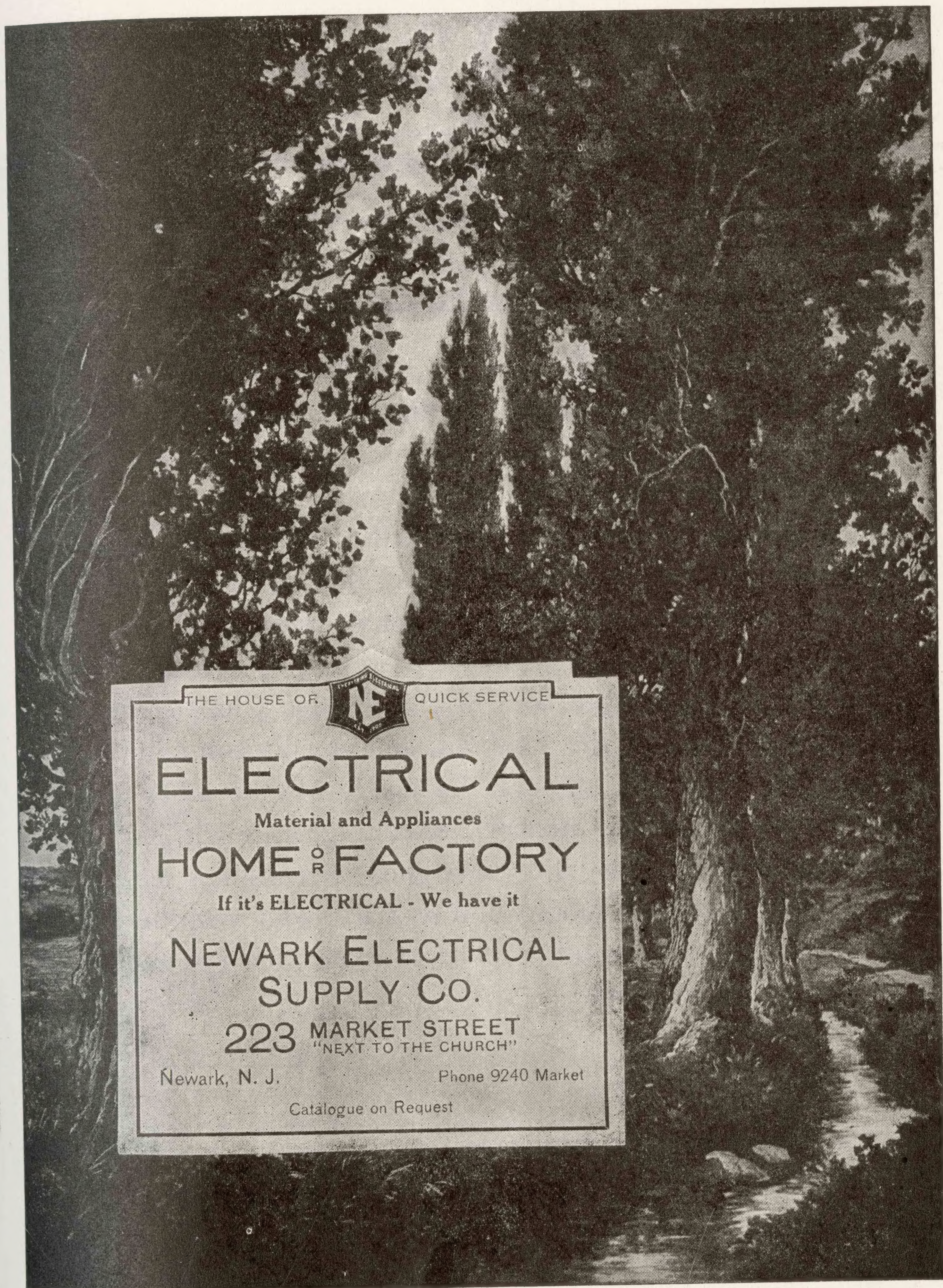


THE ACROPOLIS



OCTOBER, 1920

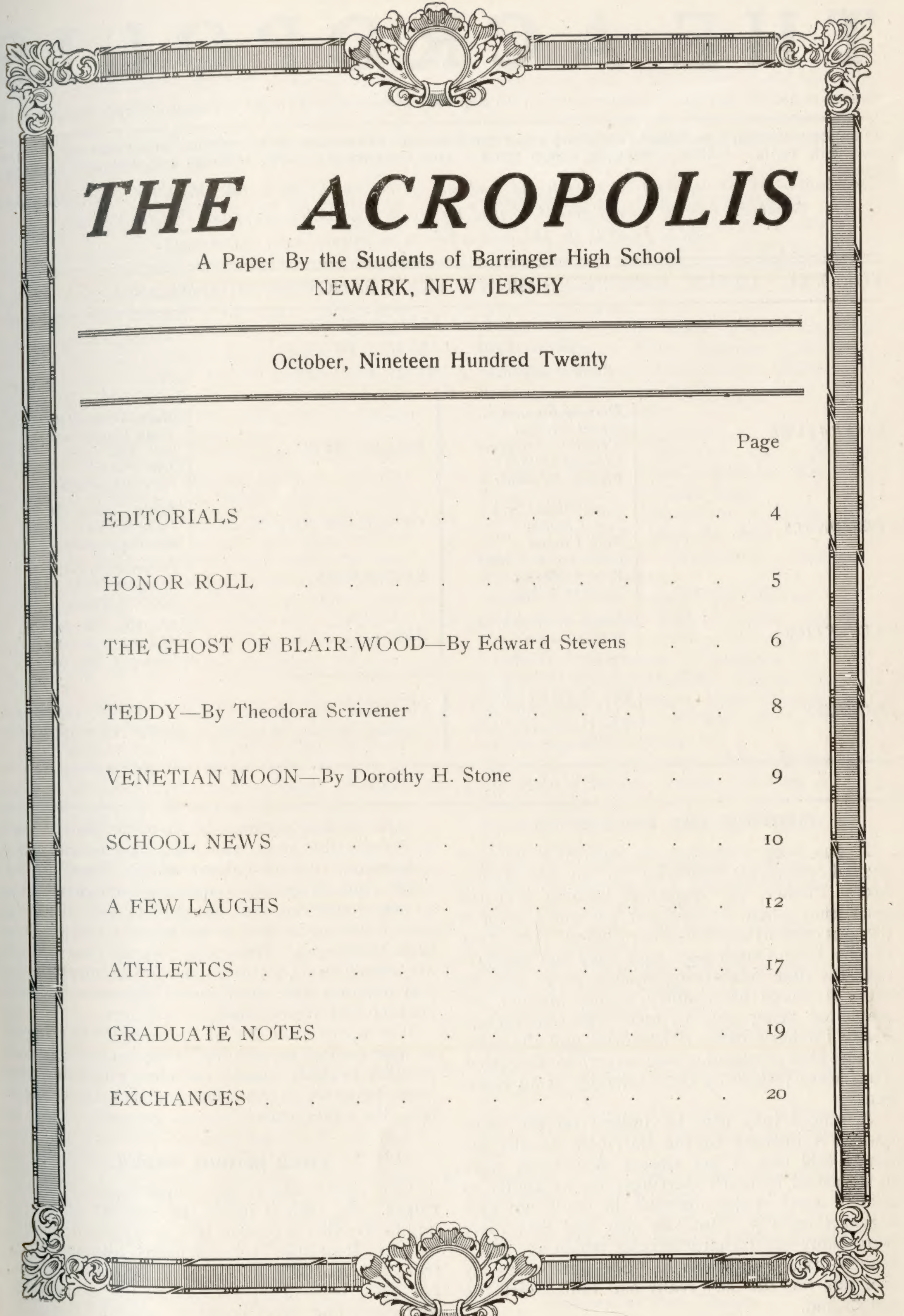


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In Memoriam

With grief Barringer High School records the death of Miss Julia Gray, of the class of June, 1920, who, after an illness of many weeks, passed from this life, Tuesday evening, October 19, 1920. So recent was her graduation that she seemed still a member of the school, and few students of Barringer have been more fully identified with the various activities of the school than was Julia Gray. As vice-president of her class, of the Girls' League, and of the Service Club, as a gifted member of the Thaliens, and as editor-in-chief of The Acropolis, she was known to all the school. Her sprightliness of manner, her courageous spirit, her versatile ability, and her unfeigned friendliness endeared her to both faculty and students, who, with her stricken parents and other relatives, mourn her loss and cherish her memory.



THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

October, Nineteen Hundred Twenty

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., OCTOBER, 1920

MEETING THE EMERGENCY.

It has been said that an individual may be judged from his behavior in an emergency. Molly Pitcher, the American heroine, met the emergency when she took her husband's place in the gun crew after he had been killed. The story of the little Dutch boy who used his hand to save the dike from being washed away and, by this act, saved his country, is but another example of being able to meet the emergency. Molly Pitcher's name is immortal and the story of the little Hollander will never be forgotten. They were judged by their behavior in an emergency.

A school may also be judged on the same basis. A member of the Barringer faculty recently told one of her classes that if she were to be asked to mark Barringer on its ability to control itself in the unusual, she could not give higher than a 5. But she also said that there were many other characteristics which she could readily mark 9 and even 10. She went on to say that this was the only really *bad* fault which the school had.

Now, fellow-students, we are sure that if you will think this over, you will come to the same conclusion. All of us know of the "buzz" in the auditorium after the hymn has been given out, of the confusion that accompanies a fire drill and of the noise in a room when a teacher has been called out. These are unusual times; they are *emergencies*. When you fail to meet them, you not only rate your own characters, but the character of your school.

It is up to each one of us to make Barringer as near perfect as possible. Our big fault is our inability to control ourselves when something unusual happens. Let's overcome that fault. Let's meet the Emergency!

YOUR SCHOOL PAPER.

THE ACROPOLIS is the school paper of Barringer. As such it needs the support of every pupil. By that we mean that every pupil should do more than buy THE ACROPOLIS, although it is true that that is good support; he should write for THE ACROPOLIS. Of course, not everything that every one wrote could be printed. But if a

particularly funny event happens in your class, or if you wish to express yourself on a school matter, write it out, put it in THE ACROPOLIS box, and if it is good and of general interest it will be printed.

Many pupils criticize the material in THE ACROPOLIS. Ask them if they ever wrote anything better. They answer, no. However, if you can write anything better, or even as good, THE ACROPOLIS will be please to print it. Support YOUR school paper. Boost THE ACROPOLIS!

HAVE YOU JOINED THE HEALTH ARMY?

"Soldiers of Health," they are called, the school boys and girls who unite to sell Christmas seals in order to help carry on the greatest battle that has ever been fought in the cause of good health. Hundreds are now actually engaged in the fight to ward off the greatest enemy known to mankind—Tuberculosis.

Are you in the fight? In other words, how many Christmas Seals are you going to sell this year? With the Christmas Season fast approaching you are already wishing all the world "A Merry Christmas." Aren't you going to include hundreds of helpless tuberculosis sufferers, hundreds of children threatened with tuberculosis, in your greeting? If so, it is up to you to join the army and get in the fight—sell Christmas Seals, for it is the only means of providing health and happiness for your less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Selling Christmas Seals is one of the greatest means the New Jersey Tuberculosis League has for making your city "A Healthy Place to Live In." It means that the health and comfort of hundreds of tuberculosis sufferers can be more thoroughly insured. It means a lower death rate among the sufferers. It means that hundreds of the city's undernourished children who cannot afford a summer's vacation can be sent for a two weeks' outing to a healthy summer resort. It means that they will spend their vacation in the great outdoors rather than in the vicinity of the garbage cans in our congested tenement districts. They will come back stronger and healthier and better able to fight the Great White Plague, life's deadliest enemy. Aren't you with us in this fight?

Last summer 994 children were sent away. Next summer the New Jersey Tuberculosis League would like to send more. How many is your school planning to send away? The number of Christmas Seals you sell will tell. School boys and girls did very well last year, but this year they are being asked to do more. There are hundreds of ways in which your pennies can make your Merry Christmas greeting strike home. Every time you sell 25 seals you will be given a button and this indicates that you have joined the health army—that you are in the thick of the fight and are ready to take up arms in the

biggest battle ever waged to make the "world a decent place to live in."

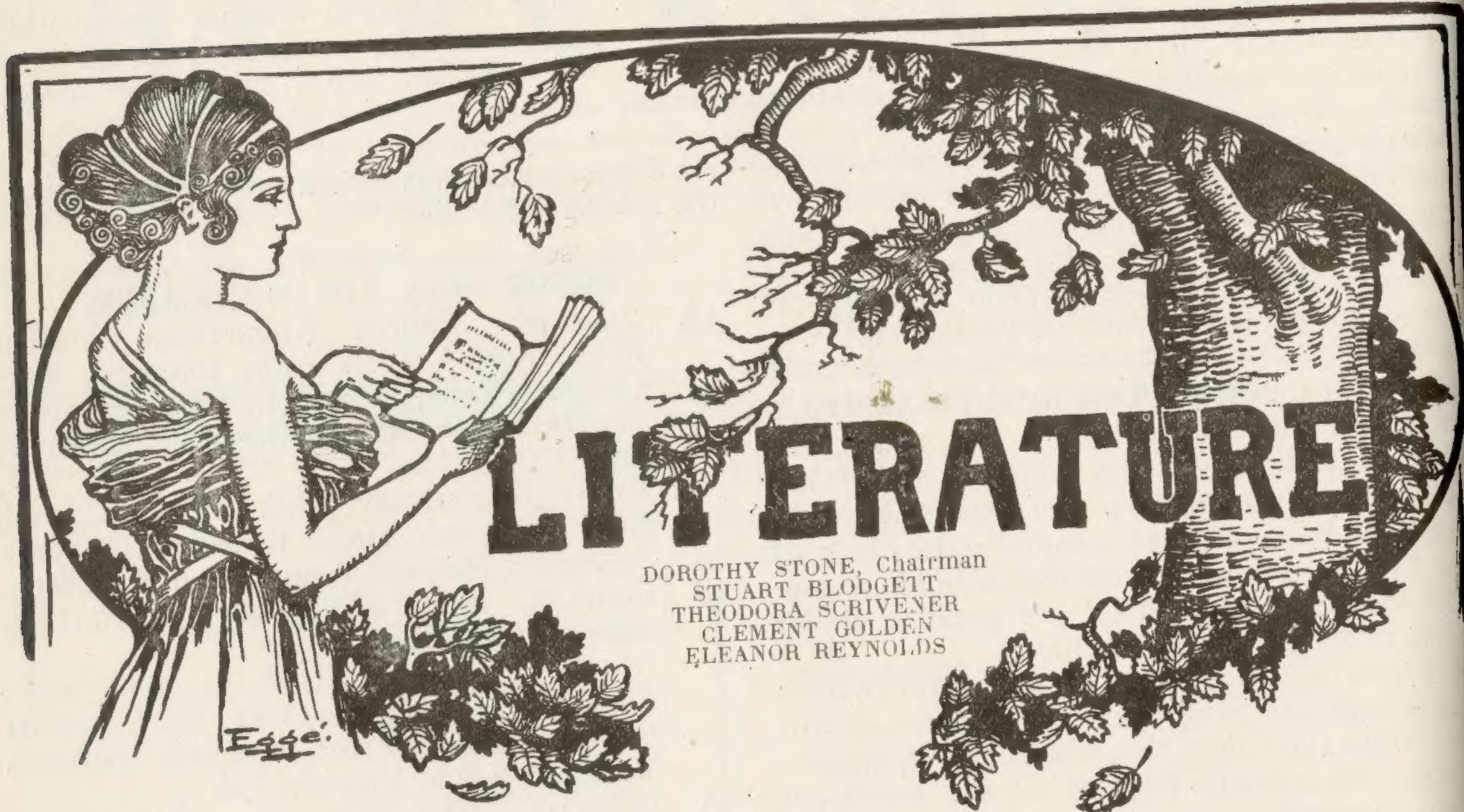
Are you with us? How many seals do you want?

In the next number of THE ACROPOLIS, we shall announce plans which are to be made for the sale of these seals.

HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 4A Room 26. Mildred Ammerman, Marcus Block, Ruth Crogan, Anna Johnston, Marguerite Rusby, Elizabeth Wehner, Max Lazarus, Jean Miller, Florence Schubarth, May Van Duyne.
Room 32. Dorothy Hill, Freda Carroll, Estelle Riordan, Helen Benedict, Theodora Scrivener, Howard Kent, Helen Schaffer.
- 4B Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Bertha Gardiner, Marian Knight.
Room 65. Blanche Nixon.
Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Fred Frost, William Koester, Margaret Kohn, Virginia Vliet.
- 3A Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Kathryn Elkins, R. Wolfe, F. Hass, M. Ahl.
Room 31. Eleanor Reynolds, Theodore Rissell, Edgar Fisher.
Room 63. Ruth Agoa, Myrtle Loder.
- 3B Room 67. Sylvia Bush, Simon Harris, Franklin Steiger.
Room 25. Lawrence Burgeges, Joseph Flanagan, Fairlie McNear, Vernon Muchmore, Alfred Schiavetti, Henry Venus.
Room 37. Harriette Bellah.
Room 59. Helen Mawha.
- 2A Room 61. Helen Batters, Helen Brothers.
Room 87. Evelyn Battin, Richard Graf, Violet Smith.
Room 60. Franklin Chattin, Philip Freda, Harry Jefferies.
Room 41. Sylvia Fishman, Ellen Pfaff, Helene Rosenstreter, Edna Van Duyne.
Room 43. Stanley Smith.
- 2B Room 85. Anna McCairn, Miriam Elin, Anna Di Giolamo.
Room 56. Frederick Wolpert.
Room 50. Alice Smith.
Room 69. Carney Lister.
- 1A Room 92. Anna Fieg, Isabel Schneider, Anna Brewer.
Room 81. Louis Kessler, Malvine Mills, Helen Olwine.
Room 33. Evelyn Hopping, Doris Hoops.
Room 35. Dorothy Powell, Grace Schaeffer.
- 1B Room 95. Olive Petry, Gilda Rosamilia.
Room 86. Alita Kinney.
Room 83. Grace Crowe, Marjorie Dippel, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Elizabeth Taylor.
Room 82. Elfrieda Barton, Blair Birdsall,

Continued on Page Twenty.



THE GHOST OF BLAIR WOODS

BY EDWARD STEVENS.

The fire was softly glowing, making a dim light-spot in the wood. The trees were rustling in the gentle evening breeze. All was calm and quiet. There was nothing to disturb the still, calm forest.

Joe, squatted near the fire, smoking his after-supper pipe, was deep in thought. Here he was in the middle of Blair's Woods and nothing had happened. The woods were no different from any others he had visited. There were the trees, bushes, rocks, and the little stream that most woods contain. Yes, it was a little more comfortable here and a little more fascinating, but that was due to the stories he had heard. He looked about and saw his horse Jerry grazing in the deep green grass. Shad, his dog, was lying facing the fire, resting his head between two outstretched paws, staring at the dull red glow through half-shut eyes. What could be more peaceful? And these woods were haunted? Bah! it was all foolishness, and besides, there were no such things as ghosts. Joe thought so, anyway.

Then to Joe's mind came the story of Blair's Woods, and a strange tale of mystery it was. Twenty years before, Blair's Woods had been a great place for strolling couples who had nothing to do but think of each other. On a Sunday afternoon one might see these couples slowly walking towards Blair's Woods, as if drawn by some enchanting power. It was an ideal spot for just such persons. For it was filled with wandering paths that crossed and recrossed a mocking little brook, whose banks had many of the most won-

derful resting-places. Then, too, there was a grove of white birches whose trunks were covered with initials and hearts, pierced with arrows. There were lilies of the valley and violets which were picked and placed in the coat buttonholes of big handsome youths.

But now things had changed. Blair's Woods no longer held its enchanting spell. It was a place to be shunned, and no one went near it. Children were frightened into good behavior by the tale of the ghost of Blair's Woods. How came this all about?

On a bright Sunday afternoon Dora Phillip and John Ingram had started for their usual walk through Blair's Woods. Dora and John made a splendid pair and folks were talking of what a wonderful wife Dora would make and how there were few better men than John to be found. To the close observer, it could be seen that all was not well with Dora and John on that particular Sunday. They were having an argument over some trivial matter, and on the path leading to the dam and falls John left Dora swearing never to return. Dora told him if that was the way he felt he could go. So they parted. Dora, after the fashion of her sex, sat down and cried as soon as John was out of sight. She was never heard from again.

Late that night, her parents, becoming alarmed, searched for her. It was then they discovered that John also was missing. Folks all thought that John and Dora had eloped, but the next morning when her footprints were discovered

and traced to the rock over the falls, a different story came out. The deep pool below was dredged and Dora's body was discovered.

Still nothing was heard from John. There was absolutely no trace of him. Had he been murdered or did he commit suicide after killing Dora? Then a report arose that a man resembling John had been seen entering Blair's Woods, but no one had seen him come out. Blair's Woods soon lost all its attraction. Few went there.

From this arose the story of the Ghost of Blair's Woods. In the autumn, about the time of Dora's death, if any one was near the woods at night (and there were very few who were) voices might be distinctly heard. There were only two sentences ever heard, and one of these was the question, "Where are you?" and the other was the answer, "Here."

After hearing this, many of the brave men of the town tried to solve the mystery and discover the ghost. They would hunt all through the wood in the daytime, but never did they find the slightest inkling to lead them to the solution of the problem. So the mystery remained unsolved. A year later, a man whom the people tried to persuade not to take a short-cut through Blair's Woods, by telling him the story, was found dead the next day. No evidence of murder or suicide could be found. From that time on Blair's Woods became isolated. People would not go through it even in daylight, and at night they would go miles out of their way to avoid it. So for fifteen years it was left abandoned.

Joe, having heard the story through a friend who had stopped at Blair's Corners, thought he would attempt to solve the mystery during his two weeks' vacation, so after three days of preparation, amid the entreaties and protests of the inhabitants, he had come to this spot which was not far from the place where Dora was found.

Now, here in the middle of the wood he was preparing to stay for the night. While resting he started to turn the facts of the case over in his mind. He accounted for the death of Dora in this manner: The girl may have remained at the parting-place till after dark, and then, rising to go, had taken the wrong path and stepped off the rock and fallen to the pool below. It seemed like folly to suppose that one so accustomed to the wood could become lost, but how often do we stumble over a misplaced object in our own homes.

The man resembling John might have been just a stranger going through the wood. He could have entered at Blair's Corner and come out on the other side to the road leading to Millville. The people of Blair's Corner could not be held strictly to facts, for they were inclined towards gossiping, like people of other small villages. But the death of the third man and the strange harsh voices were beyond Joe's accounting. He would find out what they were

and whence they came before he left. This he promised himself.

By the time he was through meditating on these facts, the fire had died down and Shad was asleep, rolled over on his side, with his four feet stretched toward the fire. Jerry was standing contentedly close by. Joe pulled up the cover of his blanket, and, after adjusting the saddle under his head, covered himself, rolled over on his side, and was soon lost in deep sleep. The night settled down and the vast silence of the woods closed about him.

Suddenly Joe awoke and sat up. The wind was blowing and whistling through the trees. The air was chilly and damp. The fire was out and the ashes were blown around in little gray whirls. The branches of the trees were bent far back, while the trees and bushes were doubled over and nearly touched the ground. Jerry, the horse, had come closer, with flattened ears. Shad cowered before him, shivering, with his tail between his legs. In Shad's eyes, too, there was a look of fear. What had happened to frighten both dog and horse? What had awakened him?

Then from nowhere came a hoarse croaking voice asking, "Where are you?" Then above another outburst of the wind came the answer, "Here." By this time Joe was figuring to feel queer himself. He was puzzled as to what he should do. He undoubtedly had heard the voices and was sure they were not uttered by a human mouth. For no person could possess a coarse voice like the one he heard. To overcome his nervousness, Joe made a fire and looked at his watch. It was one o'clock.

By half-past, the wind had died down and everything became calm once more. Joe lay down but could not sleep. He wanted to leave this uncanny spot, but did not like to have his superstition rule, so he stayed. Early the next morning, as soon as there was light, Joe started to examine the place.

He could not find a single trace of anything. He examined closely the places from which he thought the voices came, but his efforts were not rewarded. As the morning was far spent and the sun was high, he decided to stop his search and get his dinner. He rekindled the fire and was in the act of catching a pancake in its descent when high up came a coarse guttural, "Where are you?"

Joe jumped backwards, throwing the frying-pan over his head, while the flapjack dropped into the fire. He looked up. High in the air, circling, was a crow. Again the question was asked. The crow flew to a limb in the top of a tree, where Joe saw a nest.

Joe walked over to the tree and saw the crow perched on a dead limb, croaking every few moments, "Here." "Where are you?" as two young ones stretched their necks to be fed. But

Continued on Page Twenty-two.

TEDDY

BY THEODORA L. SCRIVENER.

Two new families had moved into town: one on the Hill, in the new section; the other on the hill, in the old section. Now, the only difference in the two sections, one at each end of the town, was that the newly settled district spelled their hill with a capital letter, and the old district spelled theirs with a small letter.

In each of these two families there was a girl and a boy and a dog. The name of the family on the Hill was Farrell; the family on the opposite hill were the Shelbys. In due time the four young people were registered at the Academy, and assigned to the same classes.

"What are their names?" Dot Valentine asked Marise Cooper.

"Farrell and Shelby. That's all I know."

"Which do you like the best?"

"Oh, I don't know. They're all awfully nice. The Farrells are just a little more airish than the Shelbys, but I don't think it makes any difference. Doesn't to me, anyway. I love the way the Shelby girl talks. She has a lovely voice in singing, too. She sat behind me in chapel yesterday morning."

"But the other girl! She's so pretty! Don't you think her complexion is marvelous!" Dot was most envious of a "good complexion."

"Yes, but I like the Shelby girl's better. Still, it's only a matter of opinion. The Farrell girl's skin is too dark, and her cheeks are too red."

"Oh, well, I do. But let's not argue. I do wish I knew their first names. There's Edna, let's ask her."

"Eddie, do you know the new folks' first names?" Marise asked.

Edna laughed.

"No, I don't! That seems to be what every one wants to know. I was talking to them, but I was afraid to ask. Aren't they loves?"

"Which—boys or girls?" Dorothy demanded slyly.

Edna colored.

"Both!" she answered.

"Well, which? The two boys or the two girls?"

"I said—oh, I mean all of them, you goose!"

Dorothy and Marise laughed at the dignified Edna's discomfiture.

"There's the gong; come along."

In the classroom it was plainly seen that the four newcomers had had no cool reception. They were all the center of a laughing group. As the gong sounded, the group separated, but no one noticed the smiling, knowing glances that passed from one to the other of the four.

The short assembly over, the first class of the day formed. Miss Langton had it, and, being very fond of "her boys and girls," as she called

them all, insisted upon calling them by their first names.

"Teddy," she said, barely glancing at the last name, as she searched among the litter on her desk for a pencil.

A subdued laugh made her raise her head. Four very calm, very solemn young students were standing beside their desks in respectful silence, but it was quite noticeable that their eyes were lowered.

"Why!—why!—which one of you is Teddy?" she demanded.

"I am," answered four cool voices.

"But—but—my dears, I don't quite understand!" gasped the astonished teacher.

Then a merry laugh broke out, gleeful and contagious. It rose in volume as the students saw the full meaning of the joke. And a laugh at Miss Langton's expense was so rare!

"Oh, but that's rich!"

"Some joke! Oh, boy!"

The noise gradually quieted down, and Miss Langton wiped her eyes.

"Oh, dear!"

She was off again, and the class of fun-loving boys and girls were off with her.

It was many minutes before any one could catch his breath to speak, but Miss Langton wasn't the first. She sat in her chair, her handkerchief to her eyes, her plump little body shaking.

"Oh, do—do stop!" she gasped.

Teddy Farrell, nearest the door, ran to fetch her a glass of water, incidentally to get one for himself.

Five minutes later she was begging an explanation in a gasping voice.

Teddy Shelby rose to his full, manly seventeen-year-old height, took a long breath, and spoke.

"It was a joke to us, at first, too," he said. "You see, my sister's name is Theodosia, but we call her Teddy for short, and mine is Theodore—Teddy for short. The Farrells are Theodora and Theddey—Teddy for short, in both cases," he explained. His face was crimson.

"Theodosia—Theodore—Theodora—Theddey! Theodosia—Theodore—Theodora—Theddey—Merciful heavens!" The poor little teacher literally flew from the room, gasping for mercy!

By noon every student at the Academy knew of the joke; at lunch the entire faculty was laughing; and at four o'clock practically every family in town was listening to a merry recital of the incident.

"I think Mr. Boyd had better set a lively detective on the job. I predict more than one little

Continued on Page Twenty-two.

THE ACROPOLIS

VENETIAN MOON

BY DOROTHY H. STONE.

9

Enid Meredith certainly had a strong imagination; in fact, she was noted for it. At school her compositions had always been praised by teachers wearied with the monotonous writings of forty other children against whose efforts Enid's work shone like the sun flashing from behind grey cloud banks, for Enid had a soul above the commonplace and loved beauty wherever it might be. There was only one thing to trouble her and it was this: Enid's imagination sometimes went so far that she could not tell where fancy left off and reality began.

Above all things, Enid loved the sunset and next to that she loved the woods and waters. To watch the glowing colors of a western sky—rose, gray, violet, gold and blue—blend in one glorious, triumphant whole, a picture no human artist could ever rival, filled Enid with a rare delight. It was perhaps her love for color and for drifting on water—anywhere—that first stirred her interest in Venice. Venice seemed to Enid to be the most beautiful and desirable place on earth. From her trips to the Public Library, she would invariably return home laden with books upon the subject and would sit for hours alternately reading and dreaming.

Venice! The very name was magic with its suggestions of the beautiful, of color gone wild everywhere, of gondolas on canals, lagoons, marble palaces dazzling in their whiteness, balconies, domes, bridges, cathedrals—and, of course, gondoliers—romantic young gondoliers in colored sashes, dark hair tossed back from swarthy brows, deep eyes, rosy cheeks: gondoliers that sang in the moonlight beneath one's windows—shadowy waters and marble steps. It was very wonderful, in imagination.

The more Enid dreamed of Venice the more real it seemed to her, and so she kept on. And then she read the poem. It was really the poem which was responsible for the end of the story of Venice and Enid. She had found it in a volume of miscellaneous poems. It was anonymous. The title was "The Red Rose," and it went as follows:

"Drifting down the waters of the still canal,
Glide, gondola, like the swift black swan!
Noiseless cross the waters; soft, now soft,
Silently, beneath the window of my love, I drift.
Look down, fair love, and let me see
Thy beauteous countenance once again."
'Twas thus Piazza sang and splashed his oar
And glided 'neath the window of his love,
Just as the sun was set.
Now, lo! Upon a vine-clad balcony
Camille appears, the maiden of this song,
She of soft dark tresses, deep brown eyes.
A white scarf glistens o'er her shoulders white.
She looks down and espies below,

In his gondola, singing—Piazza.

She smiles, a red rose flings, and draws within,
Hid by the soft green of the clinging vines.

Piazza, as the red rose falls, looks up,

And, seeing no one there, stoops low

And lifts the dewy blossom to his lips.

He smiles, his teeth like gleaming pearls displayed.

The rose he fastens in his buttonhole.

He sings——

Here Enid lost track of the poem. She was embarked upon a romance of her own. Enid was just the age when Romance was spelled with a capital letter and worshipped in private. She saw it all clearly. No longer was she Enid Meredith—she was Camille, "the maiden of the song." Oh, for a red rose to drop from the balcony. There was just one left on the garden trellis. Slipping silently down lest she break the charm, Enid crossed the yard and got the rose—then up again onto the porch.

Enid did not see the bare back porch of an ordinary American home—she was in Venice, standing on a vine-clad balcony, marble steps were below, and the silent waters of a sunlit canal, and in the distance a black gondola floated like a swan. She even fancied she caught the strumming of a guitar. Her hands strayed in fancy through her soft dark hair and rearranged her white scarf "o'er her shoulders white." She looked down, and, sure enough, Piazza was below, as truly as in the poem itself. Enid was just a little startled, but the wings of her imagination had carried her so far that she was not much surprised; and so, like Camille, she smiled, tossed down her red rose to Piazza, and stepped back behind imaginary vines.

Piazza was indeed like the poem. He smiled, "his teeth like gleaming pearls displayed; the rose he fastens in his buttonhole." Enid was fascinated. Never before had any of her imaginings seemed so real. It was almost as though it were all true. She nearly believed it was. Piazza was certainly romantic-looking, with his black hair tossed back from his forehead, his dark eyes—a red silk scarf about his neck! These thoughts passed like a flash through Enid's mind.

Piazza had looked up, and now, like Piazza of the poem, he sings.

"Fina potatoes, banans, all good vegetables—anything to-day, Missus?" quoth the romantic son of the fruit vender, with the red rose in his buttonhole. But he spoke to empty air, for, the spell broken, Enid fled to the fastness of her own room, where she laughed and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Venice is now a little private joke of Enid's own self. As for the son of the vegetable man, he shrugged his shoulders and went off with a cheerful grin, and a red rose.



SCHOOL NEWS.

On October 11, the school had the privilege of hearing Dr. Henry R. Rose. He chose for his topic, "The Spirit of Columbus." Dr. Rose said that, although Columbus was a Catholic and an Italian, all sects and nationalities should respect him and honor him for his great service to mankind. Dr. Rose described the "Spirit of Columbus" as modern, scientific, patient, religious, and progressive. In concluding, Dr. Rose recited Miller's "Sail On." The continued and voluminous applause clearly showed the school's appreciation of his talk. We are sure the whole school would like to hear him again, *soon*.

THE SERVICE CLUB.

The Barringer Girls' Service Club was organized by Mrs. Poland, the Dean of Girls, in the autumn of 1918. The aim of the Club is, as its name implies, to do service wherever possible.

This coming year, the Club intends to be a vital force in Barringer. The membership has been limited to fifty. For the good of the Club, the rule was made that if a girl is absent from the meetings more than twice in succession without good excuse, she is to be dropped from the membership lists.

The plans for the year include some good work for B. H. S., and also, as in former years, cutting articles for the Commission for the Blind and dressing dolls for the poor children's Christmas party.

At the first meeting of the term, the following officers were elected:

President—Marion Knight.
Vice-president—Beatrice Kenny.
Secretary—Mary Crowe.
Treasurer—Mildred Greene.

THE BIRD CLUB.

The object of the club is to promote interest in birds and bird life by lectures and by actual contact with the birds in their native haunts.

The Barringer Bird Club held the first meet-

ing of the term in Room 91 on Friday, October 1st. Mr. Haulenbeek called the meeting to order at 3:15.

The following officers were elected:

President—Imre Domonkos.
Vice-president—Mary Crowe.
Secretary—Dorothy Benjamin.

The members decided upon the second Thursday of each month as club day. The regular meeting adjourned at 3:35. Afterward most of the members went to look for birds in Branch Brook Park.

THE ITALIAN CLUB.

The Italian Club held its first meeting of the term for the purpose of reorganization on September twenty-ninth in the Science Lecture Room. The newly elected members of the Council are P. Rosamilia, Martucci, Garfola, Miss Rizzolo and Miss Weyand. After the discussion of some other business, the meeting was adjourned.

THE GLEE CLUB'S NOTES.

The Glee Club started with much enthusiasm and spirit. There will probably be a contest between the Glee Clubs of Essex County this year. Since East Orange won the last one, Barringer is going to try to win this year. The contest is promoted by Williams College.

The Glee Club and Orchestra will give a concert and perhaps an opera this year. So every Barringer student must boost them to the end.

Every member must be out to every meeting!
That means success.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS DE BARRINGER.

Le Cercle Francis de Barringer has in the last few years been of great advantage to the French Department. Its members have had the honor of meeting many noted Frenchmen who have represented the best of intellectual and commercial France.

This year the French Circle aims to stimulate, to a still higher degree, the interest of the stu-

dents in the French Department. The plan is to have one assembly period a month for the meetings of the Circle, and for each time to have an interesting program presented.

Since all students of all the French classes may become members on payment of twenty-five cents as dues, there should be a large and enthusiastic membership.

THE SPANISH CLUB.

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Friday, October 1, 1920, in Room 38. A large number of students attended.

The following were elected officers of the club: President, Jack Fannan; Vice-president, Marie Schauner; Secretary, Irene Ramsy; Treasurer, Thomas Healey.

A real live program committee consisting of Jack Fannan, Dorothy Kitchin, Phyllis Stranbury, and Samuel Blumberg was appointed. Mr. Zweibel was re-elected faculty adviser.

The members present expressed the determination to make this a banner year for the club. The program committee is now busy arranging the program for the next meeting, which promises to be a treat. The date will be announced in the auditorium.

The club is planning some big things for this year, among which will be a dance given by the members. Whether or not the plans are to be realized will depend on the response of the students taking Spanish. There is no good reason why every Barringerite studying the language should not be a member. Let us see how big a turnout there will be at the next meeting. Make it your business to see that you are there.

THE A A A CLASS.

On Tuesday, September 28th, the members of the 3A class held an organization meeting in Room 69. The committee on constitution submitted its report, and the present constitution was accepted. Mr. Haulenbeek, the faculty adviser for the class of January, 1922, acted as chairman.

The following officers were elected:

President—Harlan De Voe.

Vice-president—Kathryn Elkins.

Secretary—Dorothy Benjamin.

Treasurer—Stanton Townley.

The meeting adjourned at 4:10.

On October 11, the 3A's held a very important meeting in room 91. The class has lots of "pep," and it's planning some jolly good times in the future. On October 29 there is going to be a dance and any one who doesn't go will miss a dandy afternoon of fun. The class ring committee has been on the job and several designs have already been submitted to the class. The final decision on the rings will be made at the

next meeting and every 3A should be out to express his opinion.

CLASS OF JUNE, '21

The 4B Class meeting was held in the science lecture room on October 11. The social committee submitted one or two ideas for the fall doings to the class. One was to give a "show" some time in December. All plans are not as yet completed, but if it comes off it is sure to be original, funny and "peppy." The 4B-4A reception was also discussed, and it will probably take place some time in November. We will do our best to give the 4A's a fine time, for we know that ere long we too will be 4A's.

SENIOR A NEWS.

The 4A Class is right on the job again this term. The officers elected at the reorganization meeting were: Arthur La Far, president; Anna Johnston, vice-president; Clifton Smith, treasurer; Theodora Scrivener, secretary. Committees were appointed, one to carry out the plans for the 1B reception and another to "carry on" the Big Brother and Sister Movement.

I.

Blow! Blow again! Breeze,
Over the hill!
Shaking the leafless trees,
So bare and still.

II.

Once they were bright and gay,
In red and yellow;
Shielding the blithe bluejay
And soaring swallow.

III.

Spring washed their leaves
With April showers;
Summer cooled them with a breeze
Perfumed with flowers.

IV.

Crimson, green, and red,
Whirling leaves,
Away, by breezes led,
From autumn trees.

V.

Away away they fly,
Sometimes downward;
Then high, high, into the sky,
Soaring upward

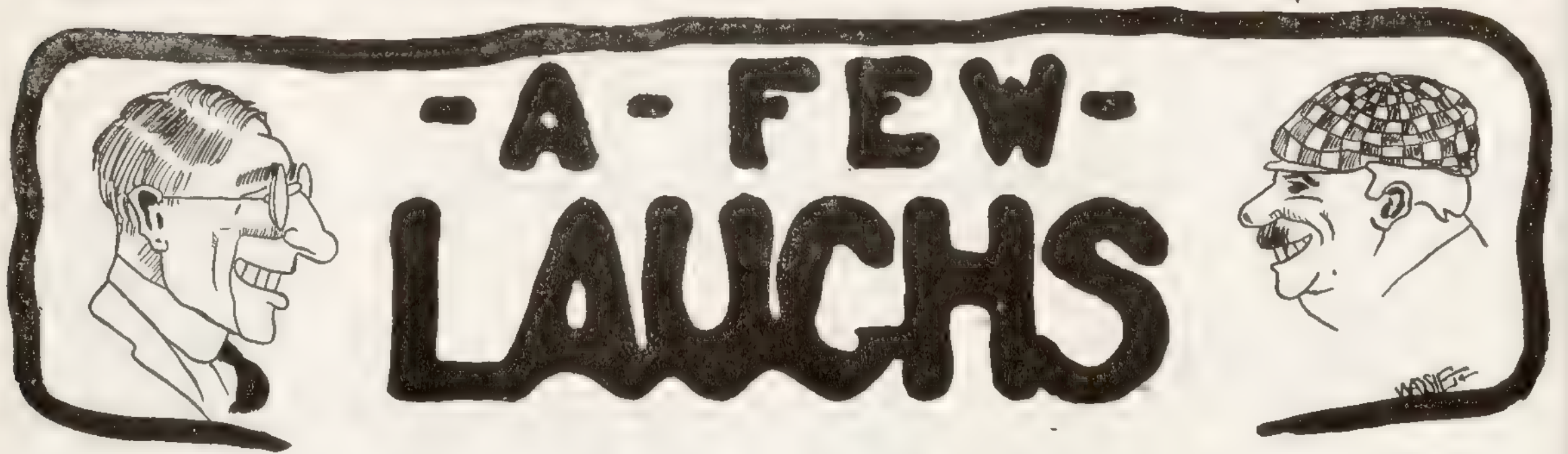
VI.

Fallen leaves cover the ground,
Turning, sliding,
'Neath these, birds may be found,
In secret hiding.

VII.

Slowly sinks the round red sun
Behind the purple hill;
Lone and cold, with work all done,
The trees are still.

—Jean Morrill.



ANNE BISHOP, Chairman
SAM CHASLOW
RUTH CROGAN

CATHERINE WILLIAMS
ROBERT MEZGER
KATHRYN ELKINS

BARRINGER FUNNY PAPERS.

Bringing up Father—Mary Margaret
Polly and Her Pals—Polly Van Dorn.
Everett True—Mr. Snaveley.
When a Man's Married—Mr. Saylor.
Lester de Pester—Blumberg.
That Son-in-Law of Pa's—Norman Jervis.
Hawkshaw the Detective—Carl Wieland.
Mike and Ike, They Look Alike—De Voe and
Frost.
Mr. and Mrs.—Eleanor and Raymond.
Fuller Bull—Sickel.
Dorothy Darnet—Dot Stone.
Buster Brown—Snowballs.
Freckles—George Owen.

GIRLS.

To the Cynic:
Garrulous
Inconstant
Regardless
Lying
Shallow

To the Lover:
Genuine
Ideal
Romantic
Lovable
Sacred

To the Older Woman:
Giddy
Immodest
Rude
Loud
Shameless

To the Girl Herself:
Glad
Impulsive
Real
Lively
Sincere

On a 3A English exam: "Milton wrote many poems. After his wife died, he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

Mr. Knight—What kind of a car shall we get?
Marian K.—Oh, let's get a Moon—that's so appropriate for nights (Knights).

Westreich is such a nice boy. He has such a nice face, too. Too bad he smokes.

Jean Muchmore—Do mice chew their food?
Helen M.—Naw.

Eleanor R.—Your hair looks like honey.
Kathryn Elkins—Why?
E. R.—Because it's so well combed.

Angel-food is eaten by everybody. There are no sponges in sponge-cake and a guy isn't a cannibal when he eats lady-fingers.

"A standing account
Is a queer thing," said Duns.
"The longer it stands,
The longer it runs."

'The easiest way to build a "rep" is to tear down your reputation.

CONFLICTING.

Reporter—Have you been seriously injured?
English Soldier—Yes, sir; nose, sir.

"Ignorant people ask more questions than wise men can answer."

Note—No wonder so many of us flunk out on exams.

Vogel—What time is it, Bill? I'm invited to a swell party to-night and my watch ain't going.
Perry—Wasn't your watch invited?
Vogel—Yeh, but it hasn't the time.

Soph—Say, Freshie, your head is like a stack of hay.
 Freshie—Well, that accounts for all the jackasses around me.

DURING THE SUMMER.

Stevens—I just got a job wrapping bread in Ward's Bakery.

Berenin—I thought the bread was untouched by human hands.

Stevens—Sure it is, but I'm allowed to touch it.

Papa—What's the reason that young man stays so late when he calls?

Jean—I am, papa.

Mr. Saylor—What is a vacuum?

Townley—It's what you clean a rug with.

Son—Say, pop, what's Newton's law of gravitation?

Pop—It's—uh. Let's see. (Suddenly relieved.) Oh! Why, there is no such thing since Professor Einstein's discovery.

(Try this one in Physics.)

IN HISTORY CLASS.

Stude (reading home work in history)—Louis Cross-Eye was the most famous king of France.

Teacher (in consternation)—Louis Cross-Eye! What's that?

Stude—Well, here it is.

Teacher (reading from paper)—Louis XI—

Teacher—How much time did you spend on your lessons?

Block—About half an hour, railroad time.

Teacher—What do you mean?

Marcus—including stops and delays.

ON THE CLIFTON LINE.

Youth—Pardon me, madam, but you're standing on my foot.

Lady—Excuse me. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down.

Blumberg—Well, I was born with a gold spoon in my mouth.

Boxer—Spoon! Don't you mean a shovel?

First—Are there many fish there?

Second—Millions.

First—Do they bite?

Second—Bite! Why, they're so savage you have to bait your hook behind a tree.

IN THE INFORMATION PERIOD.

Chief—How do you stop the blood from a cut in the head?

Wise Guy—Put a tourniquet around the neck.

Teacher—What did I have you in last term?

Stude—In trouble.

Agent—This property is worth forty dollars a front foot.

Key—And how much does she come by de back yard, hey?

Clark—I always smoke Camels after dinner.

Poland—How's that?

Clark—You know they go so good on a desert.

A HOT SHOT.

Young Wife—Shall I season this game?

Young Husband—No. I peppered it when I shot it.

Ayers—Do you know what the fat butcher down the street weighs?

Lester—No, what does he weigh?

Ayers—Meat.

The only trouble with school work is the home work.

McArthur—Do you believe in long engagements?

Lester—Indeed, I do. A couple should be happy as long as they possibly can.

Fond Father—I will send you through college on one condition, and that is—

Dootiful Daughter—Aw, gee, no, pa! Minnie wrote she got three in one semester. Be liberal!

To Freshmen—It is a good thing to have an iron constitution, but a mighty bad thing to have a wooden head, especially in Barringer.

The world is divided into two classes—the broad-minded and the narrow-minded. The former agree with us; the latter don't.

Lovey—Our new maid is awfully tall, isn't she?

Dovey—Yes, but I don't think she'll stay long.
 —Ex.

Landlady—My rates are seven dollars up.

1920—But I'm a college student.

Landlady—Then my rates are seven dollars down.
 —Ex.

THE BEST WAY.

Yates—I hear you have written a novel.

Blodgett—Yes.

Yates—Well, how are you going to sell it—in book form?

Blodgett—No, I'm going to call it "Grape-nuts," and sell it as a serial.

She—Generally speaking, women are—

He—Yes, they are.

She—Are what?

He—Generally speaking.

Guest—"I can't eat this soup.
The waiter brings another kind.
Guest—I can't eat this, either.
The waiter, impatient, calls the proprietor.
Proprietor—Why can't you eat this soup?
Guest—I have no spoon.

There was an old fisher named Fisher,
Who fished for fish in a fissure.
A fish, with a grin,
Pulled old Fisher in.
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

What is the Romanoff family?
The Romanoff is a family that was made up
from the triumvirate following the fall of the
Roman family.

IN HISTORY.

Who were the Pilgrims and why were they
so called?

The Pilgrims were called the Pilgrims because
they were named after the rocky coast of Ply-
mouth on which they landed and because they
were pure in heart and pilgrimed and journeyed.

WHEN THE BLIND MAN SAW.

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight.
The sun was shining brightly
And it rained all day that night.

It was a winter's day in summer,
The sky was raining glass,
And a barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun
Was setting in the West;
The little fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

The rain was pouring down in drops,
The moon was shining bright;
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir;
While the sexton rang the dish-rag,
Some one set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke," the preacher shouted.
In the rush he lost his hair.
Now his head resembles Heaven,
For there is no parting there.
—A. Dumbell.

Dinah (to health officer, come to remove sign
from the house)—You just leave dat where it
am.

Officer—Why, your son is over the measles.
Why do you want the sign?

Dinah—Dat sign done bring good luck. No
bill collectors been here since you put it up.

A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he learned the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we ape that wise old bird?
—Old Sayings.

No, Madeline, the initials F. O. B. alongside
the price of a Detroit street car do not mean
"Full of Booze."

IB Girl—I'm so glad I picked out this school.
The colors are so becoming to me.

Miss Coult—Do you want employment? Miss
Skidmore can get you a position.

Gansler—No, thanks! You can't make work
any more inviting by using a word of three syl-
lables.

Lifeguard at Long Beach—Don't go in. There
are man-eating sharks in the water.

Sylvia R.—Do I look like a man?

Thum—I say, old man, can you lend me a
quarter?

Mac—Impossible! I've tried to lend you mo-
ney, but you always look upon it as a gift.

Ruth C—I hear the second act takes place two
years after the first one.

Fred Frost—I guess we may be in time for
that.

Mr. Johnson (to Mrs. Crosse)—Your husband
seems to be a man of rare gifts.

Mrs. Crosse—Yes, he hasn't given me one
since our last anniversary.

Mr. Dunn—Why is fire named so early in the
book by the author?

Monaghan—Because it is a burning subject.

Vogel—Do you know Kurzman is a smart fel-
low.

Gansler—Yes, when he talks English.

Mr. Dunn—What are the uses of saltpeter?

Marion H.—For facepowder.

Little IB in 57—Miss Smith, do cows and bees
go to heaven?

Miss Smith—Mercy, no. Why?

IB—Then the milk and honey our preacher
said was up there must be canned stuff.

Lester—Dad, why do they call an after-dinner speech a toast?

Dad—Because it is usually very dry.

Mr. Mezger—Why is it, Robert, that you look so well after working this summer?

Robert—Well, you see, I was supposed to have an attack of typhoid and not be able to work, so the surgeon confined me to the upper deck with plenty of fine literature.

The telephone rang and Jones answered it.

Voice (at other end)—How would you like to go fishing?

Jones—Fine.

Voice—All right, just hold the "line."

ON BOOKS.

The books we think we ought to read are poky, dull, and dry.

The books that we would like to read we are ashamed to buy.

The books that people talk about we never can recall.

And the books that people give us—oh, they're the worst of all.

He—You look sweet enough to eat.

She—I do eat. Where shall we go?

Minister (at the close of sermon)—We shall now sing hymn number 389.

Operator (rousing from a nap)—The line is busy.

ON GETTING UP.

When the maternal knock

Comes to rouse you from repose,

Quite regardless of the clock,

Turn and take another doze.

Should your relatives complain,

Do not let it give you pain;

Never mind if breakfast's late,

It will do them good to wait.

One of the IB's has requested that chocolate teddy-bears be sold in the candy-room. We'll do our best.

It's a wonder that the Art Department isn't overcrowded with members. Rare talent was discovered at the last board meeting.

Helen Clements had better be careful. She is fast acquiring a "rep."

Mrs. Newlyrich—Oh, John, isn't that coiffure wonderful?

Mr. Newlyrich—Pretty good! Is it Java or Mocha?

Drowning Man—Help! Help! Help! I can't swim.

Man on Shore—Neither can I, but I don't go bragging about it.

Devoe went to a restaurant and ordered turtle soup. Tasting it, he said to the waiter: "There isn't a morsel of turtle in this soup."

Waiter—Of course not. Shakespeare said there's nothing in a name. If you ordered cottage pudding, would you expect a cottage in it? If you ordered Manhattan salad, would you expect the Flatiron Building to be in it?

In the adversity of our best friends we sometimes find something that is not exactly displeasing.

THE FAT LADIES' TOAST.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we diet.

Mother—Yes, sister's coming home from college. She's very sick.

Brother—What's the matter?

Mother—The dean says it's lack of mental ability. I don't know whether it's catching or not.

Why not follow Clark's example and carry dog biscuits in your pocket? They're mighty handy for an in-between lunch.

Mr. Stone—Well, Stuart, when you grow up, I suppose you'll follow in your father's footsteps.

Fred—No, sir! He's an aviator.

UNHEALTHY.

Mother—Aren't you ashamed, Georgie, to make such a fuss over having your hands washed?

IB—I don't care. I don't like them so pale.

Mrs. Smith asked her little son if he had seen the cow which was in the next lot. "I've only seen her hooks and eyes, mama," was the answer.

WHY NOT?

The verse you write

You say is written;

All rules despite,

But not despitten.

"Say, Sam, if Rastus should die, wah would de rest ob de congregation go?"

"Wah, Napoleon?"

"Why, go blackburying!"

First Senior—What tree does Chasalow's head remind you of?

Second Senior—A redwood tree.

WANTED: A HOUSE FOR FRED A. FROST.

The Acropolis Board decided to meet
 At the home of Fred A. Frost.
 So Friday night, October first,
 Most of our happy host
 Wended their way to Seventh Street,
 The *business* to discuss.
 But on arriving, sentiment changed.
 (We created quite a muss.)
 The gentlemen cried, the ladies' yelled,
 'Twas really dreadfully rude.
 Every one seemed to have come
 In a most excitable mood.
 For half a mile on every side
 The racket could be heard,
 The landlord living overhead
 Acted most absurd.
 He kicked and hollered about the noise,
 Which he said he couldn't stand,
 But the happy throng went right on,
 Worse than a new jazz band.
 When at last we were forced to leave,
 Dawn was coming round.
 We went a-skipping down the street
 With a merry volley of sound.
 The landlord, *amiable*, to be sure,
 Then sought his feather bed,
 But as sleep wouldn't come he lay there and
 formed
 A plan in his old bald head.
 In the morning, our friends heard this plan.
 You see, he was frightfully sore.
 He roared and screeched till the whole house
 shook:
 "Mr. Frost, you can live here no more."
 Accordingly, they had to leave.
 No home is yet in sight.
 But if you should happen to hear of one,
 Please get the Frosts in right.

Steve—Do you know why weather-vanes are
 always roosters instead of hens?

Fannan—Sure. Look at the trouble they'd
 have in collecting the eggs.

Tabby—Be good kittens and don't make any
 noise. Your father is writing a history of his
 life.

Kittens—Which one, Ma?

A teacher told her class to write a composition
 about every day in the week. One of them,
 which was received was this: "Monday father
 bought some roast beef, and there was meat
 enough left for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
 Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

If Carl Chadsey would kindly leave his tailor's
 address at the SANCTUM, we would be greatly
 gratified. More than one fellow has asked us
 where he has his clothes made.

He—So you're from Indiana?

She—Yes. Hoosier girl.

He (tussed)—Why, I haven't any.

The preacher said, "You are one."

They tried to decide which one,

And I don't know

Which won.

The Clifton car is getting quite popular. Even
 Miriam Hoffman rides on it now.

AT THE SHORE.

Eleanor Reynolds (looking at Ray Ryerson's
 bare feet)—What stunning shoes! They're gen-
 uine calfskin, aren't they?

Little Boy—Papa, Mr. Brown has N. Y. on
 his auto, and Mr. Jones has N. J. on his. What
 are you going to put on yours?

Father (from under the car)—N. G. is the
 most appropriate thing.

Munn—What I know about driving would fill
 a large volume.

Lester—Yes, and what you don't know about
 driving would fill a large cemetery.

Little Boy—Mother, our new cook can see in
 the dark.

Mother—Why?

Little Boy—I heard her tell her beau in the
 hall last night that he hadn't shaved.

Landlord—Does your husband stay out very
 late?

Lady—Yes.

Landlord—Belongs to a club, I suppose.

Lady—No, the club belongs to him. He's a
 policeman.

"Ha, ha, ha," ranted Hi Tragedy, in the dun-
 geon scene, "I'm mad, mad, mad."

"I'll bet," yelled a voice from the gallery, "you
 ain't half as mad as us fellers that paid to get
 in."

Landlady—You make an awful noise with that
 cornet.

Boarder—Well, I'm sorry to hear it.

Landlady—So's everybody else.

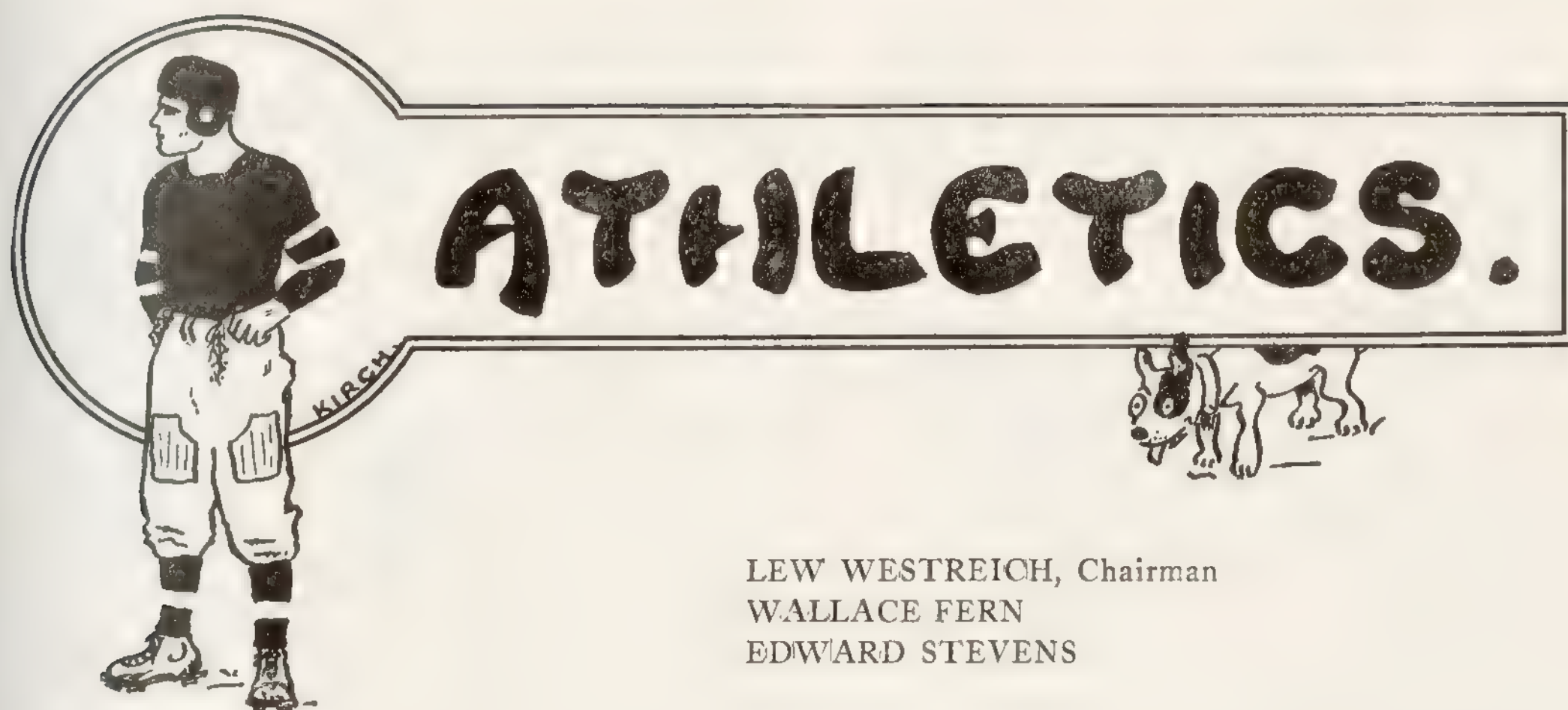
Said Willie: "Almost every night I go to see a
 girl I know.

She's a wonder, and it's only right

That I view her with a keen delight."

Said Willie's friend: "Where do you go?"

Said Willie: "To the movie show."



LEW WESTREICH, Chairman
WALLACE FERN
EDWARD STEVENS

GIRLS' HOCKEY.

The girls' hockey practice is now getting well under way; and with Miss Decker coaching the girls, the outlook for the season is very promising. Every girl in the school who would like to play, whether she knows the game or not, should come out and at least make a try at it. Show your school spirit, and don't be a back number! Come out for the next practice; new girls on Tuesday and the others on Wednesday.

PASSAIC ELEVEN DRUBBED BY BARRINGER.

Barringer 23, Passaic 0.

Barringer continued to show class on the gridiron when she overwhelmed the Passaic High School eleven on the latter's own grounds by the score, 23 to 0. The Barringer boys, it seems, took back with them something besides a 21 to 0 victory, the week before—they handled the pigskin much better, although they did not perform perfectly. Passaic made her initial start of the season and this no doubt was the reason that the Passaic team was found woefully lacking, when it came to the rules of the game. Our game progressed, even when a band of substitutes went in to replace the regulars. Proving that we have many dependable men on reserve, who can be rushed in, and still our team would not lose any of its effectiveness. Van Poznak showed excellent ability in selection of plays and in carrying the ball. In the line, Capt. Poland, as usual, bore the brunt of attack, and showed ability as a placement kicker as well as a dependable man for the kick-off. Tartarsky played a bang-up game at end and he had a share in the break-up of many Passaic plays. Ayers also showed ability to spear forward passes, as did Stevens.

Barringer kicked off to Passaic. The ball was fumbled by a Passaic back and recovered by Barringer, only to duplicate the performance on the first play. After many futile attempts to rush the ball, Passaic attempted to kick. Barringer blocked the kick and the blue and white start-

ed the fireworks on the Passaic fifteen-yard line. Byrne went over with the pill for the first touchdown on an off-tackle play. Poland kicked the goal.

Passaic again fumbled on the kick-off and again Barringer recovered in Passaic territory. Nothing eventful occurred in the remaining few seconds of the quarter, and it closed with the ball in possession of the blue and white on Passaic's ten-yard line.

In the second quarter, the Passaic line held tight and very good headwork was shown when Poland was yanked out of the line to kick a goal from placement. This added three points to our total, and closed the second quarter with the following result: Barringer 10, Passaic 0.

Late in the third quarter Barringer again scored by a series of plays which were well directed. Two forwards were attempted; one was incompleting, and the other brought a most satisfactory result. The pass—Byrne to Stevens—brought Barringer to Passaic's ten-yard line and put her into a position to score. McArthur shot over Poland for the second touchdown. Poland scored the necessary point.

McArthur having by this time become aware of the fact that touchdowns were not so hard to make after all, decided to call it a day's work by crossing the last white chalk-line, just to see if "Addy" couldn't kick another goal. Well, "McArter" took it over and "Addy" narrowly missed the goal. Score: Barringer 23, Passaic 0.

The line-up:

Barringer.	Passaic.
Ayers.....	Left end .Schneider (Capt.)
Poland (Capt.)..	Left tackle Palko
Eitel.....	Left guard Rice
Thum.....	Center Endley
Thobiason.....	Right guard Sall
Olwine.....	Right tackle Krueger
Stevens.....	Right end Hastings
Van Polznak....	Quarterback Adams
Lester.....	Left halfback Saxey

Byrne.....	Right halfback		Streckfuss
Avallone.....	Fullback		Smeaton
Barringer	7	3	7 6—23
Passaic	0	0	0 0—0

Touchdowns—Byrnes, McArthur 2. Goals from placement—Poland. Goals after touchdown—Poland 2. Substitutions: Barringer—McArthur for Van Poznak, Tartarsky for Stevens, Woerner for Avallone, Van Poznak for McArthur, Smith for Eitel, Cross for Tartarsky, Westreich for Ayres, La Far for Thobiasen, and Sliker for Dobbins; Passaic—Hastings for Friedbauer, Blood for Adams. Umpire—Lounsbury, Passaic. Linesmen—Kerr, Passaic; Dan Noble, Barringer. Timers—Smeaton, Passaic; Bud Noble, Barringer.

BARRINGER OPENS WITH VICTORY.

Barringer 21, Lincoln 0.

Barringer launched her football season by defeating Lincoln High School of Jersey City in a contest which was marred by numerous fumbles by both elevens. However, Barringer outclassed the Lincoln boys in every department of the game. The score would have undoubtedly been much greater but for the bad handling of the ball at most inopportune times. The team showed driving power both in the line and in the backfield, the latter containing a few backs who skirted the ends rather speedily. McArthur and Van Polznak both showed bursts of speed that were gratifying and spelled greased lightning in capitals. In the line, Capt. Poland was a bulwark as usual.

Capt. Bennet of Lincoln won the toss from our own captain and chose to defend the south goal, giving Barringer the disadvantage of kicking against a steady south wind.

On the kick-off by Poland the ball sailed through the air, high enough for the ends to speed down under, and the pill landed in the arms of the "chubby" Lincoln fullback on Lincoln's twenty-yard line. After advancing two or three steps, Roberts stumbled and fell, losing the ball, which Byrne recovered. Barringer, resorting to straight football only, bewildered the Lincoln boys until "Aloysius" became bewildered himself and started the Barringer fumbling, which lasted throughout the game. Lincoln recovered the ball. Lincoln attempted to gain through our line, but the Jersey City backs could find no holes through which to travel, so they resorted to a kicking game. Kiernan kicked to McArthur, who gave an exhibition of open field running until he was stopped on Lincoln's ten-yard line. Avallone scored on a plunge. Poland kicked the goal. Van Polznak replaced McArthur at quarter.

The quarter started with another kick-off by Poland, which sailed out of bounds. Unable to puncture the blue and white line, Kiernan of Lincoln again kicked; and the ball went out of

bounds on Lincoln's fifty-yard line. Van Poznak used his backs, and then took the ball around right end for thirty yards. After two plays, "Van" ran another end run across the Lincoln goal line for the second touchdown. Poland kicked the goal. Score: Barringer 14, Lincoln 0.

At the start of the second half, Coach Pritchard sent many eager Barringer boys into the fray. Kiernan kicked off for Lincoln. The ball see-sawed back and forth during the third quarter, which ended with Barringer in possession of the ball on Lincoln's twenty-yard line.

McArthur made a ten-yard gain around left end, and, since the going was good, "Mac" ran around the same end and scored the third and last touchdown of the game. Poland again made good with the goal. Score: Barringer 21, Lincoln 0.

The line-up:

The line-up.			Lincoln.
Barringer.			
Stevens	Right end		Kline
Dobbins.....	Right tackle		Wells
Eitel	Right guard		Moskowitz
Thum	Center		Bennet (Capt.)
Thobiasen.....	Left guard		Logan
Poland (Capt.) ..	Left tackle		Kiernan
Ayers	Left end		Sullivan
McArthur.....	Quarterback		Frazer
Lester	Right halfback		Trenary
Byrne.....	Left halfback		Pucci
Avallone.....	Fullback		Roberts
Barringer	7	7	0 7—21
Lincoln	0	0	0 0—0

Substitutions: Barringer—Van Poznak for McArthur, McArthur for Avallone, Mallanga for Lester, Cross for Stevens, Haney for Ayers, Olwine for Eitel, Smith for Olwine, Olwine for Cross, Avallone for Mallanga, Doremus for Thum; Lincoln—Dunning for Kling, Maragilliano for Sullivan, Heath for Moskowitz, Griffin for Post. Touchdowns—Avallone, Van Poznak, McArthur. Goals after Touchdowns—Poland 3.

SPORT SCRIBBLINGS.

BY LEW WESTREICH.

Coach Pritchard has certainly undertaken a big job and the boys are supporting him in admirable fashion. No team hereabouts has been so utterly stranded without varsity material as Barringer. Yet Mr. Pritchard took hold of the reins willingly and is directing, coaching, and building up a fine team out of green men. After two games, we're satisfied to think we are represented by a team that will be a true Barringer team.

Ozzie Roth, '20, who spent the time after his graduation in January quite profitably, is now at the University of Pennsylvania.



GRADUATE NOTES

BARRY COSNER, Chairman
 ISOBEL TROWNE
 WARREN LOZIER

Among the Republican candidates for the Assembly we find the following prominent Barringer graduates:

PHILIP KLEIN.

Mr. Klein has lived in Newark since infancy. He was educated in Barringer High School, New York Law School and Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1917. In the same year he was admitted to the New Jersey bar. He is a member of Harvard's Military Reserves. He is now practising law in Newark in association with Judge Edward Schoen.

PEARCE R. FRANKLIN.

Mr. Franklin is a lawyer. He was born in Newark in 1892. His education was received in the grammar schools, Barringer High School, and the New Jersey Law School. At the Thirteenth Avenue Grammar School he was elected the first mayor of the "School City." He was a member of the champion Barringer Baseball Team of 1910-11 and in 1913 won the all-around indoor athletic championship of the Newark Y. M. C. A. He is now Esquire of the Newark Lodge of Elks. Before engaging in the practice of law he was a member of the editorial staff of the late Newark *Morning Star*, which later merged with the *Eagle*.

One of Miss Coult's famous literary prodigies has garnered great fame and distinction in the field of letters. The gentleman in question is Mr. Max J. Herzberg, at present head of the English department at Central High School. Cheer up, 4A's, your heroic couplets to-day may be the means of your cutlets to-morrow. We quote one of our Newark contemporaries:

"Another Newarker who is rapidly acquiring considerable literary laurels is Mr. Max J. Herzberg, at present head of the English Department of the Central High School. Although born in New York City, he came at an early age to Newark, where he was graduated from Barringer High School, then called the Newark High School. He entered Columbia University and at-

tained distinction in literary circles, winning a gold medal for work on American Literature. After graduation with an A.B., he came in 1907 to teach in the High School where he formerly was a pupil. His rise since then has been rapid, and with the opening of the Central High School he was appointed head of its English Department."

As a prose writer he is clear and simple, never letting erudition befog and clutter up his meanings. One piece which we like is called "The New Athenians," and we are attracted to a selection from it which we quote in part:

"Literature, finally, and literary biography help to develop distinctness of personality. Our modern civilization forces us into a single mould. We are too much alike, too much inclined, each of us, to be merely vix populi."

To testify to this poet's lyric gift we quote part of his romantic poem, "The Harbor":

"The waves have run from the Spanish shore,
 they have washed the Hebrides.

The waves have swirled from the Afric main,
 they have crushed through the Arctic seas.

Like a lover that yearns for his mistress' kiss,
 the waves have yearned for the moon—

Panting by headland, raving by inland, crumbling through beach and dune!"

The Mutual Benefit Insurance Company has taken a number of our graduates. Among those with the company are Vera Smock, '16; Mildred Short, '17; Alvina Evertz, '18; Marion Gilbert, '19; Dorothy Taylor, '19; Helen Hallock, '17; Mary Hallock, '18; Margaret Sawyer, '17, and Harriet Falter, '19.

Three of our best athletes, all graduates of the June, 1920, class, are at college. Woostroff is at Lafayette, Kirby at Cornell, and McKim at Princeton.

Cliff Gibbons, '20, one of our former track captains, is at the University of Maryland with his brother Eddie.

Exchanges

FLORENCE TAYLOR, Chairman
MARGARET KOHN
MILDRED GREEN

"The Review," Passaic High School, Passaic, N. J.

Your paper is pleasing in appearance. The cuts are good and the printing and paper excellent. But haven't you over-emphasized the athletics? Something in the line of editorials, fiction, and personals would be an improvement. Your school seems to be supporting the dramatic club and dances in fine shape.

Stetson Oracle, Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

Your paper has the foundation of a successful publication, but could stand a few changes. Several departments, such as literature, school news, and athletics, might be added. A little humor would add the necessary spice.

THE ACROPOLIS wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

"Yale Alumni Weekly," Yale University.

"Wesleyan Argus," Wesleyan University.

"Tech News," Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

"Speed Up," Newark Bay Shipyard.

"The Review," Passaic High, N. J.

"Stetson Oracle," Randolph, Mass.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

The first call for cross-country men was issued on Monday, October 4, and about thirty candidates responded. Barringer has every chance of making a good showing, as five veteran hill and dalers are among those who responded. Chief Broadhead, who has turned out champion football, baseball, and track teams, will now try his hand at cross-country and will without doubt have a team that will uphold the high Barringer standard. The old cross-country men who returned to the fold are Garfola, Mango, Guarino, Rotunda, "Kip" Manser, and Jack Fannan. The team will run in N. J. State Meet, the N. J. I. Champ., City Champ., Columbia, and a number of dual meets. "Kip" Manser, captain-manager-elect.

McKim, our former classy little athlete, has matriculated at Princeton. Watch his smoke! Two of his running mates, namely, Woostroff and Kirby, have also entered college, the former at Lafayette, the latter at Cornell. These three boys, having cut some pretty tall capers in scholastic ranks, it will be interesting to note how they will mix in collegiate circles.

HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER.

Continued from Page Five.

Warren Condit, J. Wheeler Coult, George Dougherty, Samuel Owen.

Room 66. Margaret Blake, Irma Bellig, Helen Kilby, Esther Neiss, Iris Veyer, Frances Polk.

Room 39. Adeline Courser, Oscar Bauman, Rowland Reese.

TO THE 1B'S.

Don't be surprised at the penny collection which will soon be taken up in your room. It's only for Frost's annual haircut.

Strange as it may seem, we are forced to admit that only seventeen 1B's got lost at the last fire drill.

Fern—Say, Marder, got an eraser?

Marder—Sure; here it is.

Fern—Thanks. I just wanted to look at it.

A HARD WORLD.

Congleton—Did you ever feel that the world was against you?

Wood—Yes, this morning, when I fell on the sidewalk.

IN AN EXAM.

Correct this sentence and give reason: "The horse and the cow is in the pasture."

Pupil—The cow and the horse is in the pasture. Reason: Ladies first.

Seen in Miss Hill's room: Informational work for girls of 50 begins Oct. 7.

Miss Decker—If you can't find a chair, Miss Reynolds, you had better go over and sit in the dumb-bell basket.

HE SAW RED.

Fred—Girls are prettier than men.

Kaddy—Why—naturally.

Fred—No—artificially.

Champlin—Give me five dollars' worth of food.

Waiter—You said a mouthful, boss.

Mrs. A—Does the baby take after his father?

Mrs. B—Oh, yes! We have taken his bottle away, and he tries to follow his father down cellar.

Dutch—They say beauty's only skin deep.

Blodget—Yes, but my girl's awfully thick-skinned.

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THE GHOST OF BLAIR WOODS.

Continued from Page Seven.

how could a crow talk. Then Joe remembered a performance he had seen, in which a dog would say a few words. This was made possible by slitting the animal's tongue. Perhaps the crow had been treated in the same manner. Joe walked back to the fire, laughing. A crow had frightened him and terrified the surrounding country. He wondered how the people of Blair's Corner would take it.

That evening Joe told his weird tale to a group of open-mouthed villagers. He produced the crow, which he had shot, and exhibited the slit tongue. One of the men ventured to say that at one time his father had had a crow that could talk, but it had escaped and was thought to have been killed. And so Joe departed, still strong in his belief that there are no such things as ghosts.

TEDDY.

Continued from Page Eight.

tangle for this town. Those kids seem pretty clever. Great Scott, but it must have been great!"

"Oh, it was, dad!" said Edna Warren, her breath catching.

"It was a scream!" cried her sister, going off into peals of laughter at the memory of it. "Poor Miss Langton was so bewildered! She just sat there with her mouth wide open!"

"Imagine calling some one's name, and then looking up to see four calm, cool, young people standing before you! You'd have opened your mouth, too!"

It was a week or more before the first of Mr. Warren's predicted tangles came about, but they followed in quick succession. It was a Saturday afternoon, when all the business men were home for the afternoon, that Mr. Eben Polk looked out of his windows to see his perfect lawn being scratched up by his flock of prize-winning Plymouth Rock hens! Shouting for his young son, and wife, he ran out the door and "shooed" them back to the runways. A kindly neighbor went in to help him, and, with perspiring faces and ruffled tempers, they finally closed the gates on all the chickens. Standing a moment at the gate, a bright object caught the eye of young Polk, and he darted toward it.

"Look, pop, look what I found!"

"Let's see it, son. Great Peter! I'll bet one of those pesky kids did this! 'Teddy'—that's what's on this buckle! One of 'em! But which?" he growled.

The neighbor laughed.

"You'll have to get 'em one at a time. You'll never find out if you get 'em together!"

"I'll go down to the Shelbys' to-night."

"I wish you luck!"

"I'll need it," Polk answered grimly.

That night Mr. Polk and his wife went to call at the Shelbys' home. They were cordially re-

Continued on Page Twenty-four.



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TEDDY.

Continued from Page Twenty-two.

ceived, and entertained, but there was no sign of the young people. Skillfully the conversation was turned to the subject of chickens, and to the day's mishap.

"And here's a buckle my son found in the yard. Does it belong to either of your children?"

Mrs. Shelby took it and looked at it closely.

"I don't think so, but I'll call them. Do you think they could have been up to the mischief? They're full of fun, but they aren't mean."

At her call, not only two, but four, entered. The guests prepared for a struggle—a mental struggle.

"Does this buckle belong to any one of you?" Mrs. Shelby asked kindly.

"No," said her daughter, "it belongs to Teddy, mother."

Mrs. Shelby met this with a smile, but for the moment she was baffled. She turned to the other two.

"Is it yours?"

"No, Mrs. Shelby, it's Teddy's," was the same serious answer.

Mr. Polk was not a patient man, and easily lost his temper.

"Look here, somebody let the chickens out all over my front lawn, and ruined it, and I want to know who's responsible! My boy found that thing in the yard. It's got the name 'Teddy' on it, and I want to know who did it!"

"Well, Mr. Polk, it really doesn't belong to any of us, but I'll see if it belongs to Ted."

Teddy Shelby whistled out in the hall, and an Airedale ran into the room. He bent to look at the dog's collar, thereby missing the look of complete bafflement on the faces of the guests.

"Great Peter! Another one!"

"He's the culprit, sir. It's off his collar."

"I give up, boy, I give up. Here's your buckle, but watch your dog, please!"

"Yes, sir!" The five left the room hastily, and, once safely in the hall, dropped onto the stairs and "howled" with laughter.

"The poor man!"

"Such a mix!"

"I'll say so!"

"You wicked dog!"

All manner of tricks, simple and harmless, confronted the Academy faculty, and the townsfolk. Recitation papers were handed in to different teachers with the single word "Teddy" signed as the name; and it became the trial of the teachers' lives to call on them, for only one knew their full names and she was bound to secrecy. It was not the custom for a teacher to address her pupils as Miss or Mister, but they sought refuge from laughter in the custom.

Then one day something else, a little more serious, occurred. In the Berkeley Academy it was against the rules, and considered the height of

rudeness, to talk in chapel. But one morning that very thing happened. No mention was made of it until the exercises were over. Then Mr. Boyd, the principal, held up his hand.

"You will please keep your seats. Some one has broken a rule, and spoken aloud during this period. You all know it is not permissible. Will the offender please stand?"

Absolute silence reigned for a moment, then at the very rear of the room a young man stood up. It was strange how so many were suddenly racked with coughing!

"You are a stranger, here, sir?" Mr. Boyd demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Teddy Farrell, sir," he answered without the trace of a smile.

Mr. Bold's head shot forward.

"Wha—— What!"

"Teddy Farrell, sir."

"Explain, young man!" This was a little too much.

The young man permitted a fleeting smile to touch his lips.

"I am visiting my cousins, the two Farrells attending this school."

"Teddy!" The man passed a hand bewilderedly across a troubled brow. "I give up," he murmured, as he waved dismissal. "Seven are too many for me!—Teddy!"

Limply his ample bulk dropped into his chair.

They're two for five and four for ten
The ladies can eat them as well as the men.

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Upon looking over the men who are fighting it out for jobs on the varsity, we discover that there are at least six men out for the end positions who have had some football experience, more or less. Ayers, Stevens, Westreich, Tartarsky, Haney, and Cross are the men who are out to hold up the wing positions—and a close fight it is!

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8:15 P. M.

Mary had a bathing suit;
Very cute, no doubt;
Every time she stepped into it,
Most of her stayed out.

Prof.—As a success, you have been a failure.
Stude—Yes, but as a failure, I've been a grand
success.

She—Isn't it funny that handsome men are
always disagreeable—
He—Oh, I always try to be pleasant.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

"I hear you have been visiting friends."
"No, relatives."

Traveler (anxiously)—Has he gone out yet?
Sailor—When speaking of a ship, sir, you
should say "she."
Traveler—But the boat I mean is a mail
steamer.

Teacher—I thought I asked you not to throw
any more erasers, and I see you are throwing
just as many as ever.

IB—Well, that isn't any more, is it?

A—Are you ill? Let me see your tongue.
B—'S no use. No tongue can tell how bad I
feel.

Prof—A man learns most who begins at the
bottom.

Stude—How about the fellow who is learning
to swim?

A—Do you keep late hours?
B—Nope, I spend 'em freely!

Soph—Say, have you anything in your head
that bites?

Indignant IB—Of course not.

Soph—You'd better see your dentist, then.

Providence provides us with our relatives—
but, thank heaven, we can pick our friends. And
we proceed to pick them to pieces.

They were discussing Luther Burbank.
"He can't beat my grocer," said Mrs. Brown.
"He actually produces eight kinds of coffee from
one bin."—Life.

One thing prohibition has done for this coun-
try, it has reduced the number of people who
think they can sing.

Flim—Are you ever bothered with rheuma-
tism?

Flam—Yes, continually. Folks are forever
telling me all about theirs.

SOMEBODY SAID:

Back of every business deal—large or small—must be the idea that you are going to stay in the same place all your life and meet the same customers every day until you die.

THEN YOU WILL SUCCEED.

If you are ashamed to look your customers in the face—

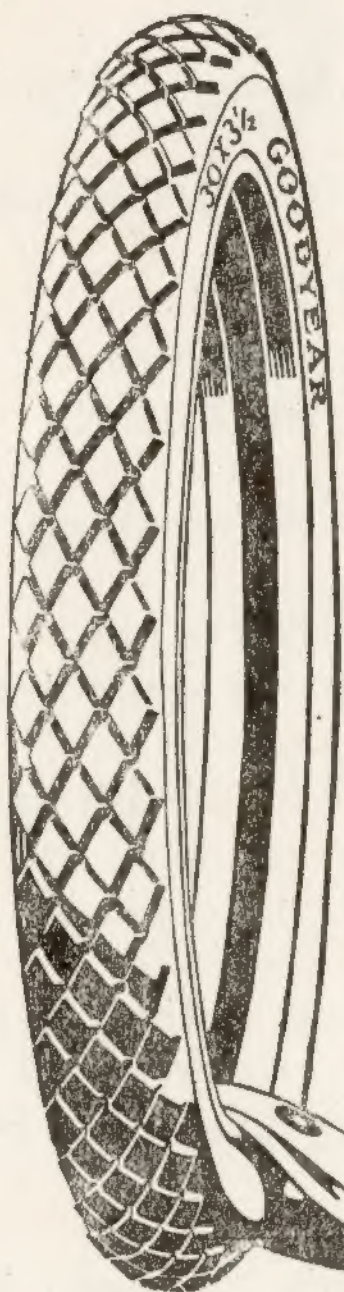
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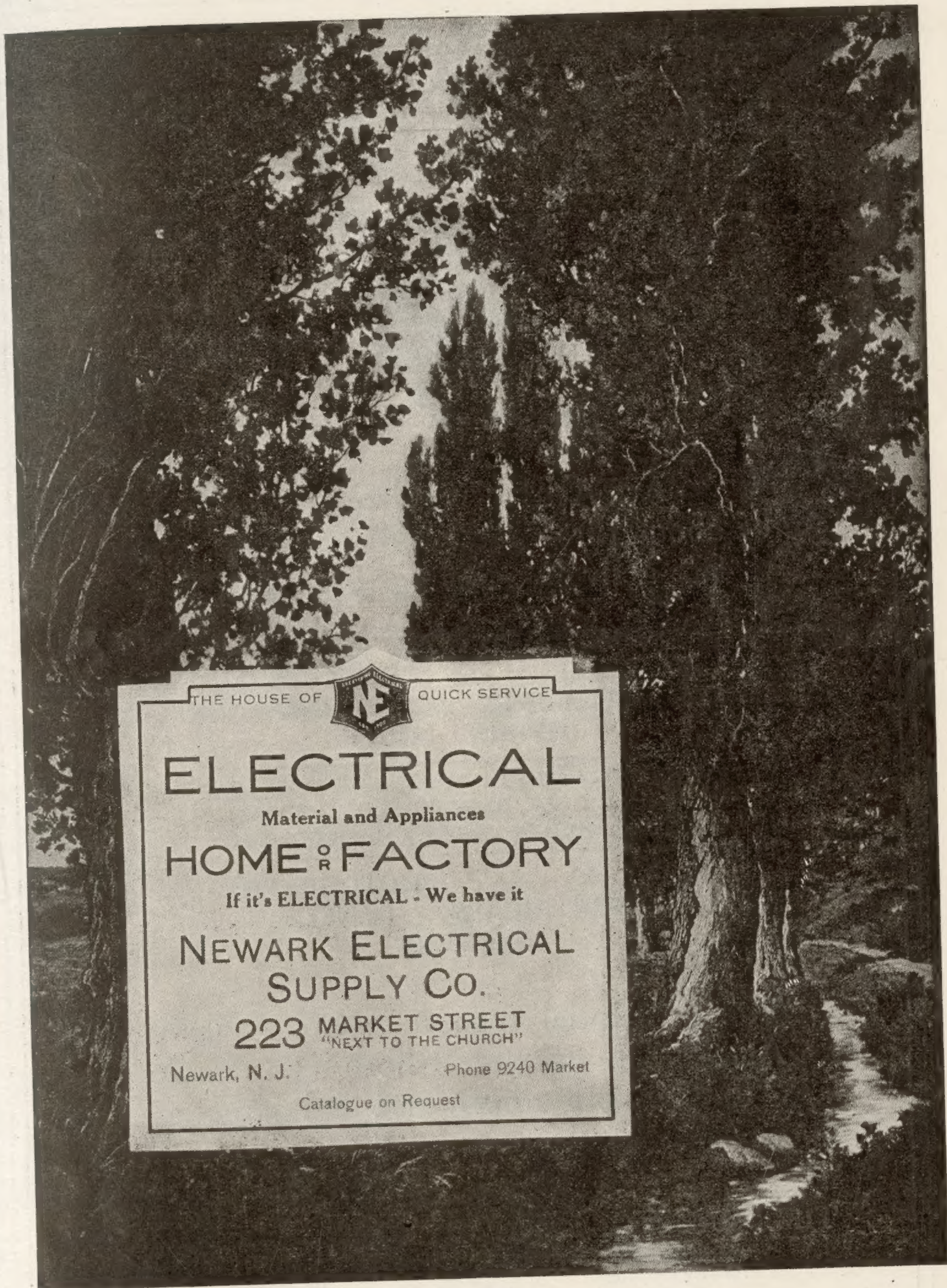
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